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THE EDUCATIONAL TOUR.

THROUGH the liberality of several railroad and steamboat companies between Boston and various cities in the West, the teachers and educators of New England have recently enjoyed unusual facilities for visiting many of the interesting points in the western section of our country. The excursion was chiefly educational, although many persons of other vocations properly took advantage of it. Such an excursion, continuing three weeks, and enjoyed by six or eight hundred keen observers, could not but afford a great variety of incidents scarcely less interesting to the general reader than to the travellers themselves. But as all these incidents together with the natural comments upon them would require an article too lengthy for our present convenience, and as the company was very much separated, some going at one time and some at another, some upon one vehicle of conveyance and some upon another,—it thus being difficult for any one to give a succinct account of the whole,—we shall not attempt to monopolize all the interesting facts which transpired: but shall give only those which came “under our own observation,” recording also some of the reflections which arose in our own mind, hoping in a future number to find a record of what others saw and thought. We feel

obliged, then, to be rather general in our report, and to pass by a great many nice little things which Mr. Such-a-one said and So-and-so did.

#### AN EDUCATIONAL INCIDENT.

To teach and to learn should always be the aim of the teacher. In the schoolroom he finds his lesson in books, in faces, in the intellect and human nature around him. On the highways of travel he finds "tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." Besides these he will doubtless find the same human nature in all its varied forms. We at least thought so as we were "piled" away in a sleeping car berth on the Vt. Central Railroad. About twelve P. M. there came in a new patron of the sleeping car and "piled" himself in the berth above us. In about ten minutes our companion and better half whispered in our ear that neighbor Somebody was reaching down towards our berth,—apparently for no good purpose—and requested us to watch. In two or three minutes we observed the same stray hand approaching again. Lying at a convenient distance we gave due notice with our foot, *pugnis et calcibus*, that we were there. Upon this neighbor S. bristles up—for he was a drover—with the most intense indignation, roars, swears, and threatens, closing up as follows: "Ef ye come that agin, ye may git a bullet down there among ye." We told him coolly that we should get no such thing, and informed him furthermore that while we had no fear of bullets or buck shot rattling around our heads, we would not even allow any such threats; that we had been out before, and almost as far from home as Vermont; had seen just such chaps before, and knew precisely what to do for them. We accordingly set out in search of the conductor and steward, found them, brought them up to the scene of action and told our story. Upon this, neighbor S., finding himself "in a fix," runs out his long neck with a poll on it and his bony arms with hands on them to protest, and enters an earnest plea for himself. But it is of no avail. Our story is too plain and has abundant evidence. The conductor now turns to us and says: "We allow no such conduct upon our train; no man upon this car threatens to shoot a lady and gentleman with impunity; the fellow is in your

hands ; if you say the word we will put him out forthwith." We gave neighbor S. a sly look, and that imploring expression we never shall forget. He could say not a word. He was dumb and opened not his mouth.

But the thought of being "pitched out" into the darkness of midnight, fifty miles away from home, and of looking up a berth in the underbrush of the swamp, was by no means agreeable. He was indeed "ill at ease." At length, however, with a significant "gesture of command" we bade him lie down quietly till morning, and remember what we had taught him. He lay down : he was *squelched*. We felt that it was worth a few minutes disturbance at midnight to teach such a lesson. We learned afterwards that he was a sheep drover. Indeed, we thought this evident enough by his certain peculiar look the next morning as we met him on the platform and caught the expression of his eye. That was plainly a sheepish look. We remember to have had two or three reflections after this business was done. First, there is a class of reckless men, scattered about everywhere in the world, who need to be "put through" under the most summary forms of justice. All ceremony over them is worse than lost. Their sensibilities are so blunt, they are so lost to all decency, that they laugh at your expostulations, ridicule your reasonings, and only *take time* to abuse your patience and good-will. But before dealing with them, be sure of your cause and your power ; this is policy ; then waste no words over them, especially if you are in a hurry. In the second place, that conductor was worthy of his post ; a man of energy, of quick common sense, a keen sense of the right ; with the proper acquired qualifications he would fill any place full. There was no dallying with him. We would advise corporations to employ just such men. They are men of power. We owe a great deal to them ; they help us to success, whether we know it or not, while the weak, milk-and-water and timid men are the ones who would defeat every enterprise if they had their way.

#### SCENERY.

The route from Lake Champlain to Lake Huron is upon the whole interesting. There is, it is true, but little of the sublime in nature or of the grand in art. But between Malone and Ogdensburg

we have the magnificent water-shed which divides the waters of that region between Lake Ontario and the river St. Lawrence. Then stretching far away to the north, twenty miles or more, we have a beautiful and diversified valley with the noble river running through. From Prescott on to Port Sarnia the country is generally level. The soil is rich, and we have the old cleared plain somewhat worn, the immense forest somewhat broken down and in a state of decay, full of huge stumps, high and low, presenting a most ragged appearance; then we have the beautiful oak or walnut grove, which would be such a treasure in some of our little New England parks, and then large tracts of tilled land, appearing as if the last crop sown was stumps.

The architecture is meagre. The dwellings are few and far between, ranging from the rudest log hut to the but tolerable framed house. It was, however, a pleasant relief to arrive at Toronto, formerly the capital of Upper Canada. Not having consulted our geography of late we were agreeably surprised to find a beautiful city, well laid out, containing its hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and several fine specimens of architecture, among which are the Normal School, Hall of Justice, and the University. The liberal treatment bestowed upon us by Mr. Walker, at the American Hotel, was highly commended by every member of our party. We earnestly commend that house to the travelling public.

Sunday, Aug. 2d, we were on the southern half of Lake Huron. It was rough in the morning, and nearly all the passengers were sick. This circumstance prevented the religious services which had been appointed for eleven o'clock. In the afternoon, however, all became quiet, both without and *within*, and Dr. Hill of Cambridge conducted religious services in the cabin, taking for his text Ex. xxxii. 32.

We will not attempt a synopsis of the discourse, but in the words of his large and delighted audience we pronounce it excellent. Two weeks later, while sailing over the same waters, we had the pleasure of attending another service and of listening to an excellent sermon by the Rev. T. P. Allen of New Bedford. It was indeed a pleasant thought that though we were far away from our homes and usual places of worship, still there was the same welcome duty incumbent upon us to remember the Lord's Day;



that no space can obliterate or change such high obligations; to feel that He, the ruler of the winds and waves, and the pilot of our lives, was with us. In our travels upon the sea, lake, and ocean, we have always felt it to be a delightful obligation to turn away from the ennui and monotony of the voyage, from the careless and idle talk of the week day, and to contemplate the sound realities of Christian duty.

#### THE MANITOUS.

Who knows where Manitou is? Had this question been put to us a few weeks ago, we should have said that it might be next neighbor to Foo-foo, Soo-choo, or to any other China-Indian place. In the northern part of Lake Michigan and near the Michigan shore are two little islands. They are called the Manitous. The larger is twelve miles long and six broad. It is mostly covered with wood of which it furnishes a supply for the steamers as they pass. We were told that one man owns about half of the island, for which he paid fifty cents per acre, and that different companies own the other half; that about eighteen thousand cords of wood are cut annually upon the island, and that the expense of cutting is fifty cents per cord. There is a convenient landing place at which the steamers touch, and from this point in different directions the forest has been cleared.

Near the landing are three or four houses with their barns, sheds, and a few fishermen's huts.

This is the principal settlement. The population of the whole island is about three hundred souls.

As the further account of our visit is to be somewhat minute we will state that we have the privilege of using individual names if necessary. We stopped at this island for the purpose of taking in fuel, and thought that we would employ the time in picking berries if we could find them. This search proving vain we soon returned, and the advance party came upon a small building, which, standing near a barn, was first thought to be a pen for calves.

Such indeed was the conclusion of some of us who used to help wean the calves in our younger days. But soon a couple of little flaxen heads glanced up at the window and we found that we had mistaken our genus. It was really genus *homo* and not genus *bos*.

We approached and found a school. The building before us was a schoolhouse! A nursery of the Republic! Was anything more primitive ever seen under the sun? We, who teach in ten thousand dollar schoolhouses, with all their fixtures and apparatus, might well learn a lesson upon that little spot where education and civilization begin. We first took a survey and the dimensions of the building. The frame was of the coarsest kind, resting upon log sills hewed upon one side. The dimensions were twelve feet by seventeen and a half. As we stood upon a sill which projected outside, our head just touched the eaves. The covering was a single thickness of boards, much warped by the sun, unplanned and rough edged with large cracks between. The roof was of the same style and material. There was a door and two holes for windows. The inside was not plastered, and the means of ventilation were abundant. In the roof was a large hole, apparently *broken* through, for the stove pipe, which in hot weather is *non est*. Through this ventilator is seen a good broad patch of the sky. We took a careful estimate of the cost, and allowing five dollars a thousand for lumber — which we ascertained to be the price on the island — and fair wages for labor, we found the expense to have been twenty dollars! A twenty dollar schoolhouse! Well, were twenty dollars ever better invested?

At length we entered, a few at a time by turns, to visit the school. We found an interesting and sprightly-appearing young lady for the teacher, and about fifteen pupils. The latter sat upon long boards attached to the wall and had long — that is as long as they could be — old fashioned desks before them. The scholars were mostly Norwegians and Germans. The only piece of apparatus in the room was a blackboard, about two feet *short* by eighteen inches *narrow*. On this board was the following nice little stanza, expressive of order, instruction, and a good moral.

“How charming and lovely the sight  
When children their teachers obey,  
The angels look down with delight  
The beautiful scene to survey.”

The teacher was the central figure, and of course the observed of all observers. But while there was throughout our company a

somewhat intense curiosity, there was also a deep and generous feeling of sympathy with that teacher. This was not diminished after learning a few interesting facts in her history.

Miss Angelica M. Buss was born in Tonawanda, State of New York, and received her education in Lockport. At about sixteen years of age she went to North Manitou to live with her uncle, N. Pickard, Esq., who we believe is a gentleman of the highest authority and influence in the island.

After remaining a short time, she found that there was a number of children wandering about the island in almost a wild state and without a single facility for education. Prompted by the most generous impulses of human nature she conceived the idea of collecting them into a school. She obtained permission to do this, and soon opened a school in the building which we have described.

Here she commenced teaching those children — some of whom lived three or four miles away — the rudiments of common education during the week days, and on Sunday from the word of God. She continued this course for two years without any remuneration except that satisfaction which the sense of well-doing always brings. For the last two years she has received a slight compensation through the subscriptions of her patrons.

We thought all this quite enough to entitle her to our most kindly and professional regard. On reëmbarking upon our ship we took her case into consideration. A meeting was called in the cabin and J. W. Bulkley, Esq., of Brooklyn, N. Y., was chosen chairman. It was decided that we present Miss Buss with some testimonial which would indicate that we felt something more than an idle curiosity in her at the time of our visit. It was accordingly voted that the present should be a handsome gold watch of American manufacture. Money, to the amount of sixty-six dollars, was soon raised to effect the object. A committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. J. W. Bulkley, A. J. Phipps of New Bedford, E. F. Strong of Bridgeport, Conn., Mrs. T. D. Adams of Newton, and Miss R. Howard of Boston, to select and present the watch. On arriving at Chicago the committee attended to its duties and selected a beautiful hunter-cased watch, at the firm of Hoad & Hoes, and from the manufactory in Waltham, Mass.

The price was much more than the money raised; but with praiseworthy liberality the dealer put down the price to the cost at

wholesale — which brought it within the means at hand — and then threw in a gold key for his subscription. On our return we learned that our steamer, the B. F. Wade, was not to stop at the desired point. But upon presenting the case to our excellent commander, Capt. Goldsmith, he promised to accommodate us by touching there, though at the expense of some time and distance. Once more on the island, we were soon collected around the little school hut. The teacher was surprised to see us again; but after a few moments of general conversation, Mr. Phipps, in behalf of the committee, read a very neat presentation letter from Mr. Bulkley and presented the watch to Miss Buss, (we are sorry that we have not a copy of this letter for the *Teacher*.) Her reply was short, expressive, and appropriate. After thanking the donors she remarked that she should ever prize the gift as the evidence of their kind regard for herself.

The whole scene was instructive and affecting, and not a few dropped the tender tear. There stood two hundred persons, mostly teachers, from highly cultivated communities, many of whom had never set foot upon any such wild region before they saw Manitou, giving their bounty and rendering their just homage to one who has outstripped them all in her devotion to the great cause of education.

Never before have we felt a more completely professional spirit. We were convinced of the power in our profession; and our work rose up in grander proportions as we contemplated the distance between that little twenty dollar school-hut with its handful of urchins, and the noble structures with their comprehensive plans of education and well advanced youth of our own acquaintance in New England.

But the glory of our work is not in school houses. The human soul wherever it is found is God's work, and the dignity of training it for immortality is as great in a hut as in a palace: it is as great in Manitou as in Boston. With this view we felt, on returning to our ship, that the little missionary contributions which we had dropped for a testimonial to that teacher and for books to those children, were among the best investments of money which we had ever made. It is bread upon the waters, it will return after many days.



## THE CONVENTION.

We shall say but little about it. We shall give only our own general impressions, and as our work is not statistical we shall leave the details to others. The weather was intensely hot. There was an immense crowd in attendance, and upon the whole we regard the convention as a rather unwieldy and clumsy concern.

It was composed of men and women from all parts of the loyal country, of the most varied attainments and diverse opinions. It is doubtless a good thing for such people to come together once in a while to compare notes, especially if they come with that spirit of toleration which yields to the free discussion of great principles.

But if they fear the truth, shrug the shoulders at the plain expression of it, get cross over it and perchance threaten with the bludgeon or pistol, we have only to say of such men, that they had better stay at home, — we have no confidence in their ability, patriotism or education as a whole. The convention, however, was a good thing. It was a reflection of communities. The great body of the audience was bold and ready for the expression of any earnest truth bearing upon the work of education. We may possibly have been mistaken, but we at least fancied that the leaders were not. Well, this is so everywhere, and most of all in the political field. But we were not a little surprised at such a late day to find that whenever allusion was made to the *greatest obstacle* to civilization, and especially to education in this country, there was a great deal of excitement in the minds of some gentlemen; they were unusually nervous and seemed to say, "we cannot have these exciting topics introduced here, it never 'll do" and much more of the same sort.

We sometimes pity such men; it is so much better for them that their susceptible minds be not excited. Vagueness, or some monstrous metaphysical attempt over common themes, and which ought to be treated in the plainest manner, is best suited to their tastes. They can then sit calmly or perchance sleep quietly and when the "much ado about nothing" is over can wake up and exclaim, "magnificent, beautiful, very fine."

But we seriously think that the time has come when we ought not to be trammelled very much by the whims of such men. Men who go about upon weak knees and with weaker opinions, fearful of every rustling leaf by day and of their own shadows by night,

are not, in our opinion, the best leaders for the education of the people. There are now great truths pressing upon us. They must be spoken, and we believe that there is a higher than any earthly power that will condemn us if we do not speak them. If there be timid men who object, let them find consolation if they can in the coming events of the next ten years, when they will have to tell their children what part the fathers are now taking in this mighty struggle.

We need earnest, truth-loving, truth-seeking and *truth-speaking* men for leaders in every educational enterprise. Only such men can be true patriots; and the man who, by his past or present course of conduct, and for any pecuniary or other consideration, brings and allows an imputation against his loyalty, ought to be thrust aside without much regard to ceremony. The only vouchers we want in these times are words and deeds.

Some of the impressions of western educational sentiment, which we received through the convention, were not pleasant. But they have in some degree been corrected by further acquaintance with *the people*. Politicians never appear to greater disadvantage than in an educational body. We have heard no heresy more completely at war with our institutions than came from the lips of a politician in the Chicago convention, in nearly these words: "I would send my child to school to learn the branches required to be taught. I would teach the politics myself and let the mother take care of the religion. While if there should happen to be any difference between them, on some little matters of conscience, I would send the child off to the priest."

Here we have the quintessence of Catholicism; the complete annihilation of the child's spiritual being! We know not how far such sentiments prevail at the West. We hope not far: and if not we hope that the people in that quarter will hereafter select a different exponent of their views. We have now expressed plainly and briefly a few thoughts upon the convention. They are but texts upon which we shall comment more at large hereafter when we shall have more time and space.

#### THINGS PHYSICAL.

What is that? we asked, while looking at a strange and uncouth piece of architecture. As we stood at such a distance that tusks,

trunks, and tails might be out of visual range, it seemed to us like a mammoth with a big elephant on his back. That is an elevator. It cost a hundred thousand dollars. But we could n't see the hundred thousand. At length, however, we approached, entered and saw it, finding nothing but huge timbers running in all directions, so that it was almost impossible to go two or three feet in any direction without coming in contact with them. Timber, timber, timber everywhere, in such quantities and size that it seemed as if no place but the West could produce it.

The office of the elevator is to elevate grain from the ground to its top on one side and there deposit it in bins. Connected with these bins are ducts which descend to the ground on the other side and carry the grain to another vehicle of conveyance. Such was the power of the one which we visited that two hundred thousand bushels can be changed and shipped from it in a day.

The elevator is the gigantic birth of the West. It is a new thing. We regard it as the first original architecture of America. We should not feel justified did we not give it this brief notice.

#### FURTHER WEST.

Through the kindness of railroad agents the Chicagoers had the opportunity of going to see the Father of Waters, at half fare. We accordingly passed Sunday, Aug. 10th, in the pleasant city of Dubuque. In the evening there was a union Sabbath school meeting in which the time was occupied by several gentlemen from the East.

On the following morning, Mr. Young, Superintendent of the Sioux City Railroad, most generously of all, took us upon a free excursion one hundred miles farther west, to Cedar Falls. This, in some respects, was the most interesting excursion of the whole tour. Riding upon the uncultivated and unbroken prairie, and occasionally shooting at the prairie chickens, were indeed new employments to some of us. But we cannot stop for incidents. Night found us safely back in Dubuque, and we supped upon prairie chicken which we did n't shoot.

In the evening we found that a Union League meeting had been called for our especial benefit, and some of the Eastern men had a good chance to air their loyalty.

We were much pleased with the intense patriotism of the West-

ern people. They have suffered terribly by the war, and now have no toleration for treason. Said a good orthodox minister to me, at Cedar Falls, "we will have no Copperheads here. Or, if one perchance open his mouth to spew out his treason, we put our foot on him."

We believe that there is no section of the country to which the Union is more dear. When the sons of the West get ready to shut out the graves of their fathers and mothers, then will they "leave New England out in the cold," and not till then.

Our ideas of that section, we confess, have been enlarged. It is indeed a great country. Immensity and fertility are its characteristics. Its wealth is exhaustless. There it lies right in the dirt, whence at some time all wealth has come. It is a place where the young man, under the blessings of Providence, may reap his fortune, if he will but go, dig, and economize. And here among the lead mines of Dubuque we leave the excursionist to find his own way home. Had we space we would gladly mention the names of agents, corporations, and individuals to whom we were indebted for much of our pleasure. But the favors and hospitalities which we received were too numerous to mention. We will only add, that we had a glorious time.

T. D. A.

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### MENTAL ARITHMETIC.

It is a trite remark that the true reformer is in advance of his age. His contemporaries are slow to recognize the marks of his great mission, and he must patiently look forward to that "good time" sooner or later "coming," for fame and followers. Nor even then is he sure of his full reward. As soon as the world has opened its eyes to the truths which he was the pioneer to announce, there will be scores of pretenders, to rob him of his honors, impudently appropriating whatever was peculiar in his teachings, and coolly thrusting him into the background as "not up with the times." He was very well in his day and generation, they say, but the progress of improvement has left him in the rear; and this, too, when they have shamelessly stolen from him everything



on which they can base their own pretensions to be leaders in the onward march.

In the end, however, justice is pretty sure to be done; the crown gets upon the right head, at last, and usurpers have to go to their own place of disgrace and ignominy. But this is not what we took our pen to write. Whether it is rhetorically appropriate as an introduction to a few words on the subject of "Mental Arithmetic," we leave the reader to decide.

We were pleasantly surprised, a few days ago, to see a new edition of "*Warren Colburn's First Lessons*," re-stereotyped and re-printed at the "Riverside Press"—the name of which has become the synonym for faultless completeness in all that pertains to the typographic art—and with an illustrated cover, designed by Darley, and as good a thing in its way as he has ever done. We were glad to see the friend of our childhood in this handsome dress, so different from the well-worn type, and dingy paper, and unattractive exterior of the copy which we thumbed in our own urchin days. But our next feeling was one of dread lest we should find that the book was not our old friend after all, lest it should have been "revised and improved" out of all semblance to the original; not "Colburn" in a new suit of clothes made in the fashion of the day, in place of the worn-out linsey-woolsey of a generation ago, but a miserable impostor masquerading under the name of the instructor of our early years.

Right glad, therefore, were we to find, on examining the book, that the work of revision had, for once, the right direction (right, we mean, where the original was as nearly perfect as anything human may claim to be; for we are not of that very conservative class that clings to the old merely because it *is* old, no matter how bad it may be,) and had been a restoration rather than a remodeling. The original preface, which had been dropped for we do n't know how many years, has very properly been put in its place again. Even the story of "The Boy without a Genius" is there; a story which we believe we must have perused at least a hundred times in the course of our juvenile study of the book. The lesson of it, we are very sure, became inwrought into our very inner life. Few things that we read or heard, in those days, made a deeper or more enduring impression upon us. A critic might object to its being appended in that way, to the preface of a text-book or arith-

metic, but we are heartily glad to see it restored to its place. Hundreds of young pupils, tired of study, or lazy, it may be, will turn back to it and read it as a relief or a recreation, and will resume their work, not only refreshed by the digression, but encouraged and stimulated by the teaching of the tale, that "whatever man has done man may do." More than one "boy without a genius," doomed to be under masters who have none of Mr. Solon Wiseman's admirable tact in teaching, will get from the story, as Samuel Acres did from the conversation narrated in it, "more confidence in his powers than he had felt before."

But Warren Colburn's original preface has, in itself, a peculiar interest for the teacher. It is a full and clear statement of the design and plan of the work, and for that reason, if for no other, it should always have kept its place, as hereafter we hope it will. It is the more important that it should be retained, because, to quote from the excellent "Introduction" written for this new edition by Geo. B. Emerson, "the very simplicity of the book has prevented many persons from seeing how really profound and comprehensive it is, and that it actually develops every essential principle in elementary arithmetic." We shall recur to this introduction, by and by, in another connection.

Again, this "original preface" is interesting, because some of its leading ideas are an anticipation of the fundamental points of the "object lesson" system, which is now attracting the attention of our best educators, and which is destined eventually to bring about a complete revolution in our methods of elementary teaching. Would you not suppose you were reading extracts from one of the recent treatises on object-teaching, when you peruse the following passages from this preface written, forty years ago, by Warren Colburn?

"As soon as a child begins to use his senses, nature continually presents to his eyes a variety of objects; and one of the first properties which he discovers is the relation of number. He intuitively fixes upon *unity* as a measure, and from this he forms the idea of more and less; which is the idea of quantity. \* \* \*

"As soon as children have the idea of more and less and the names of a few of the first numbers, they are able to make small calculations. And this we see them do every day about their playthings, and about their little affairs which they are called upon to attend to. \* \* The fondness which children usually manifest for these exercises, and the facility with which they perform them, seem to indicate that the science of numbers, to a certain extent, should be among the first lessons taught to them.

"To succeed in this, however, it is necessary *rather to furnish occasions for them to exercise their own skill in performing examples, than to give them rules.*"

He goes on to speak of the *plan* of the work, as follows: [The italics in these extracts are our own.]

"Every combination commences with *practical examples*. Care has been taken to select such as will aptly illustrate the combination and *assist the imagination* of the pupil in performing it. \* \* The examples are to be performed in the mind or *by means of sensible objects*, such as beans, nuts, etc. The pupil should first perform the examples in his own way, and then be made to observe and tell how he did them, and why he did them so."

Again, in criticising the ordinary way of teaching arithmetic, he says:

"The pupil, when he commences arithmetic, is presented with a set of *abstract* numbers, written with *figures*, and so large that he has not the least conception of them even when expressed in *words*. From these he is expected to learn what the figures signify, and what is meant by addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division; and at the same time how to perform these operations with figures. The consequence is, that he learns only one of all these things, and that is, how to perform these operations on figures. He can perhaps translate the figures into words, but this is useless, since he does not understand the words themselves. Of the effect produced by the four fundamental operations he has not the least conception.

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"The common method, therefore, *entirely reverses the natural process*; for the pupil is expected to learn general principles, before he has obtained the particular ideas of which they are composed."

Compare this with a few extracts from the chapters on developing ideas of *Number* in Calkins's "Object Lessons," one of the best books on the subject that has yet appeared:

"The child comes by its first notions of number through the medium of objects; on the observation of objects, then, should be based its training in numbers. It does not use numbers for their own sake, but for the sake of the things to be counted. It counts by sight, and readily learns what five balls and five apples are, but cannot reason about the number five. If it be understood by the teacher that it is with number as a property of bodies that the child is to deal, and *not* with the science of number, it is very clear that it must not be occupied with rules or technical operations.

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"It is said that the inhabitants of one group of islands in the Pacific have no definite ideas of any number over five. But we need not leave the shores of our own enlightened land to find thousands of instances where, from the practice of requiring pupils to depend upon the mere verbal memory of the words which represent numbers, those pupils have no distinct knowledge, nor definite conceptions even, of any number whatever.

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"The fundamental error in teaching arithmetic in school is the abstract manner in which it is presented, and owing to this, the pupil never thinks of finding illustrations of what he is taught in the things that he sees about him daily."

We should be glad to see Warren Colburn's original preface published by itself, as an educational tract, and put into the hands of every teacher in the country. A friend of education, desirous of doing the greatest possible good with a small expenditure, could hardly do better than to spend the money in printing and circulating this admirable little treatise on elementary instruction in numbers.

The introduction, by Geo. B. Emerson, contains some very valuable suggestions in regard to the use of the book in our schools. We cannot refrain from quoting a few sentences from it, in the hope that they may lead you to read the whole :

"It is strictly a *mental* arithmetic, and, if faithfully used in the way intended by the author, it evolves from the mind of the learner himself, in a perfectly easy and natural manner, a knowledge of the principles of arithmetic, and the power of solving, mentally and almost instantly, every question likely to occur in the everyday business of common life.

"It can be well taught only by a teacher who perfectly understands it, and who knows how to teach. Such a teacher will not allow the lesson to be previously studied by the pupil. Each section is intended to teach some one process up to a certain point. If, in the course of the section, questions occur which the class cannot readily solve without previous study, the teacher has only to interpose, at the point where the class fails, or begins to fail, additional questions of the same kind, somewhat easier than those in the book. If, at the end of the section, the class be not perfectly ready in the solution of the questions, the teacher ought to go over the section again, with the class, or to add, at the end of the section, a sufficient number of similar questions to render the solution easy and instantaneous.

"By allowing the class to study the lesson beforehand, not only is much time lost, but the exercise is turned into a poor sort of mechanical process not much better than the common cyphering. Its mental character ceases almost entirely."

We believe that Mr. Emerson is right in claiming that Colburn's "First Lessons" is as nearly perfect as any human work well can be. And yet we have scores of "Mental Arithmetics" intended to supersede it. A few of these are the result of an honest endeavor to write a better book. Their authors could not see, as Mr. Emerson expresses it, "how really profound and comprehensive" Colburn's is, and in substituting their own crude notions for the philosophic completeness of the original, they have only paraded their blindness and ignorance. It would be worth the



while, if we had the time, to illustrate this by comparing portions of one or two of these "improved" Mental Arithmetics with Colburn's treatment of the same subjects.

We should like to illustrate by comparison of the books, but we have already extended this article too far. Q.

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### VASSAR FEMALE COLLEGE.

It seems hardly more than yesterday when the friends of popular education throughout the country received the gratifying intelligence that Matthew Vassar was about to found a college for women, which should be such in reality as well as in name. With the most generous munificence he has founded it; and to-day the visitor to Poughkeepsie, one of the most beautiful places on the banks of the Hudson, sees the walls, roofs, and dome of the largest and finest educational edifice in America. The busy hammers and the click of the trowel tell us that the interior is fast approaching completion. Indeed, before another spring comes this vast building, with its extensive accommodations and educational appliances, will, probably, have received its final touches, and will be ready for the great purpose to which it is to be dedicated; and in the early autumn of sixty-four it will be opened, with certain proper limitations, to all the young women of this country.

The College grounds comprise two hundred acres, watered by a pure and never failing stream. The building is five hundred feet long, the depth of the centre is one hundred and seventy-one feet; the wings are fifty-six feet wide and one hundred and sixty-five feet deep. Within are five elegant and convenient houses for President and Professors, a chapel, library, art gallery, natural history, and chemical rooms, recitation rooms, music rooms, spacious halls, and three hundred and fifty *single* bedrooms, every three of which open into a parlor to be occupied in common by three students.

The museum of natural history, the chemical laboratory, the library, art gallery, and such like educational aids will take rank

as to excellence with those of our first-class colleges for young men, and in many respects will surpass them.

It is most fortunate that the founder has had the confidence and aid of such a man as Milo P. Jewett, already unanimously chosen President of the College. Commanding in personal appearance, of the most genial nature, and of the most liberal culture, of large experience in teaching and in the management of female seminaries, and above all a faithful, trusting, acting Christian, President Jewett has been a ready co-worker with Matthew Vassar to make effective the vast sum which the latter, with a liberality to the cause of education unique in the history of the world, had consecrated to the great work.

The establishment of this college truly marks the beginning of a new era in our civilization, and, indeed, in the civilization of the world. Hitherto there has been no Harvard, nor Yale, nor Amherst, nor Williams, nor Dartmouth, for woman; but now, thanks to Matthew Vassar, she has a college, which in its advantages will be the equal of any one of these. The recognition of the great truth that woman has the same right as man to be educated, is a great step in advance; but when that recognition takes a practical, acting, working form, we may well feel that a higher civilization is dawning upon us. It is truly a great thing to say, as we now can, to our daughters and sisters, that the advantages of a collegiate education are open to them all. This announcement is at once happy in its effects. Woman at once stands on a higher level. She has higher hopes, higher aims, and labors with more confidence of success. And as woman is elevated so also is the race.

Honor, then, to the founder of the first Female College. His name shall stand with that of Harvard and Yale, names indissolubly connected with the noble institutions which they founded so long ago. Nay more, they founded colleges for men, and in accordance with the notions of the civilization of the world, and in imitation of what had been done before; but the great idea of establishing a real college for woman, for the first time in the history of the world takes a tangible and vital form by the exertions and princely munificence of Matthew Vassar. And his name will live in the hearts of those who yearn for the highest civilization, down through all the ages of coming time.

S. T.

*Cambridge, Mass.*

## VENICE. — A LESSON IN WAR.

HAVING obtained passes in the military train by special permission, we left Padua for Venice. Here we saw for the first time the white jackets and blue tights of the Austrian soldiers. The tights or pants look very curiously, as they fit tightly to the leg, and the shoe or brogan comes up over them at the ankle. This was an Austrian force going to Venice, and though there were many cars and nearly all were crammed with soldiers, yet by the kindness of the conductor we were provided with a car for ourselves. On our way we passed long trains laden with cannon, grape-shot, bomb-shells and the like, and on the banks of the Po we passed the lines of the Austrian fortifications, — thus were we constantly reminded of the war so near us.

A delay of an hour or more, on the road, and in the midst of an army, with only one other lady in sight, was not very pleasant; but at last we arrived safely in Venice, that glorious "City of the Sea." Quickly through the custom house formalities, then stepping into a gondola we found ourselves at once on the Grand Canal — the Broadway of Venice.

The city of Venice is built on many small islands, seventy-two as we all know by our geographies, and is situated about five miles from the main land from which it is separated by a shallow lake called the Blue Lagoon. The city is approached from the main land by a railroad over a magnificent bridge more than five miles in length, and the cost of which exceeded a million of dollars. As we glided along the Grand Canal, passing at every moment some noble church or marble palace, we could not but acknowledge that though the glories of Venice have passed away, the city itself is still a type of their splendor. Its appearance is unique, rising as it does from the bosom of the sea with its countless domes and towers, with its superb palaces,

"Still glowing with the richest hues of art,  
As though the wealth within them had run o'er,"

with its watery streets, ebbing and flowing, and its gondolas shooting to and fro. The gondola is very light and graceful, with its sharp, pointed beak, and cosy little cabin, in the middle of the boat, with soft, luxurious cushions to recline upon. It still retains its black funeral appearance.

This dismal color was imposed by a sumptuary law of the Republic to restrain the extravagance of the citizens. The gondolier (or boatman) is very expert in the management of the gondola, and, as he guides his boat, he sings the songs of ancient times. Thus we entered Venice one beautiful afternoon in the month of June, floating gently on, and gliding through her streets as in a dream. At the Piazza San Marco we found pleasant quarters. This place or square is the centre of business and amusement, the spot which the traveller usually visits first, and frequents most. The cathedral of St. Mark with its mosque-like domes forms one side of the square. Its appearance from without is very imposing, but not so within. The body of St. Mark was brought here from Alexandria, and he is the patron saint of the city. His remains are carefully guarded within the church. So believes every *true Catholic*.

By the side of the cathedral stands the Doge's Palace, a building of most splendid gothic architecture, beautiful in outward appearance, but how terrible in its history. What cruelties have been here enacted!—could these walls but speak, what crimes would they reveal! We shuddered as we stood in the chamber of the *Council of Ten*. Here, in the strictest secrecy, without one being known to another, were enacted those terrible decrees which condemned without mercy and without regard to person. And here is still the opening, the celebrated "lion's mouth," into which the secret denunciations were thrown.

From the windows of the upper story of the palace, we saw the French fleet, which prevented all communication with Trieste, and which was daily expected to bombard the fort. Then, by dark, intricate passages, we descended to the prisons below the palace, into which daylight never dared to peep, nor the fresh breeze of the sea to come. How gloomy! how dreadful life must have been here! A narrow passage leads from these, by winding stair-ways, to the State Prison, situated just across the canal. This passage is a covered gallery, high in the air, through which the prisoners were conducted into the palace to receive their sentence of death, and then immediately taken to the prisons beneath the palace, where they were strangled, or drowned in the dark sea — by the sudden springing of secret trap doors in the floor. No prisoner



who had crossed this bridge into the palace ever returned; hence the name so appropriate — the Bridge of Sighs.

We passed four days most pleasantly in Venice, visiting her churches, palaces, museums, and other works of art. Her picture galleries are filled with the works of Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese. Here Titian lived and painted for nearly a century, and here is his monument, a beautiful work of art. Here, also, is the touching tribute to Canova, a beautiful marble monument, with painting, sculpture, poetry, and the kindred arts, represented as a train of lovely mourners, with inverted torches. We would fain have lingered longer in this romantic city, but we could not mistake the signs of the times. Though all was quiet, yet it was like the stillness which precedes the storm. Anxiety was depicted on every countenance. There was no news from Verona, not even of the battle of Magenta, which had been fought two weeks previous. All feared the worst for Venice, yet knew nothing of what might be or was even then transpiring outside of the city. Thus, to avoid detention and danger, we hurried our departure, and on the 13th of June (the fifth morning after our arrival in Venice) we were prepared to depart.

Having previously ascertained that the train would leave at 4 1-2 P. M., we were at the station at 4 o'clock, merely to learn that there was no train at that hour, but one would leave at 9 1-2 o'clock the same evening. So back we went to the hotel, surprised at the mistake, but not anticipating trouble.

At eight o'clock we were again gliding up the Grand Canal with quiet pleasure. On making inquiry at the station an officer pointed to a notice on the wall which was an order just issued by the Commandant General Guylai, forbidding any more trains to leave Venice without special permission from himself. Surprised we asked when another train would leave. "Tomorrow?" "No." "The next day?" "No." "When?" "Never, *never*," was the answer. Here was a dilemma indeed. But give us a pass in a military train we said. "There will be no more military trains from Venice" said the officer. "All communication between Venice and other places is stopped." "Why?" A shrug of the shoulders was the only answer. What *should* we do? The particular situation of Venice was forcibly impressed upon our minds just at that moment. A city of the sea, with all communication in

that direction prevented by the French fleet. No communication by land except by railroad and this hopelessly obstructed. Strangers in a strange land we felt ourselves. We urged our situation ; we had come for a short time and had not money to stay ; we had no friends in the city and could not send to friends if shut in there ; told them that they must provide some way for us to leave. Finally they proposed that we go by gondola up the lagoon five miles to Mestre, the first inland town, and then take carriage to Padua. We asked if this was practicable ; if it was safe ; for we knew not but the French troops were on the march to Venice. They told us it was safe, but were not sure that it would be, a few days hence. We concluded to accept this plan at once, engaged a gondola and were about leaving, when two officers, after whispering together, tried to persuade us to wait till morning, saying it would be safer to go by daylight.

But we feared that the *spirit* of the communication was, that *no person* should leave the city, and *delay* would disclose this. Another objection, still more formidable, was now raised ; the fortifications, which one must pass, going to Mestre were strongly guarded by Austrian sentinels ; they were sure we should be stopped. At this we capitulated and entered our gondola to return to the hotel, but just before we pushed off, the gondolier we had engaged for Mestre, came and urged us again to try to go, and promised to take us and bring us back without charge, if we could not pass. We immediately decided to try, changed gondolas and started for Mestre. It was a lovely night ; bright moonlight beams sparkled on the Blue Lagoon, while the gondola glided swiftly over the water. Silently we floated on and on, naught was heard save the dipping of the oars and the ripple of the water.

But we were too anxious, to enjoy the scene. At the custom house our passports and baggage were examined and we permitted to pass. Soon after, the shrill cry of the sentinel broke the stillness, and warned us that we had arrived at the fortifications. The cry was to arouse the guard at the entrance. Having obtained the pass-word, we proceeded. The canal is quite narrow with formidable fortifications on either side for two or three miles, where at intervals sentinels are stationed. At every turn and angle, sometimes from one side, sometimes from the other, the sharp cry of the sentinel rang in our ears, and we could see him distinctly by the

bright moonlight, standing with weapon in hand ready to fire, if the pass-word was not given. But the response was shouted instantly and simultaneously by our gondolier. Thus we went on till we reached Mestre. Here another experience awaited us.

The Italian character is a strange compound, and to understand it is not easy. The Italian asks you double, if not treble what he expects to take, and you must banter with him until patience is entirely exhausted, and then pretend you wont trade, slowly but determinedly walk off, and he will follow you begging to trade at your own price. Then, again, if you employ him and he does not keep his agreement, you must get into a towering passion, scold and gesticulate, and at once he fears and obeys you. These peculiarities the traveller learns, or, if he does not learn, he suffers untold vexation, to say nothing of his loss in pocket. At once commenced a scene, T. bantering for a carriage; one demanded 30 francs, another 20, but finally one was obtained for 15 francs, and 5 paid into T's hand as a pledge of good faith. After a quarrel between the hostlers, almost a fight, and a delay of nearly an hour, a poor old rack was brought out and harnessed. They had previously shown T. a fine horse as the one engaged, so of course he at once refused to have this poor nag.

"*Non cavallo, non cavallo;*" it is not the horse, shouted T., but they would not change him. Then came a storm, T. raved at them in English, French and Italian, spiced with *cinques francs*, and they understood well that they would never see their 5 francs again, unless the horse was exchanged. To complete the scene, T. took the horse by the tail, hit him a slap, and appeared as though he would throw the nag sky-high, shouting and raving the while. This was just the thing, they were frightened, and off went rack-bones to the stable as fast as the two hostlers could take him.

Another was brought out, and everything soon ready to start. Horse No. Three would n't go. Not a step would he budge. The driver shouted, the hostler seized the bits and tugged away, in vain. But, suddenly, when we were all in despair, off he bounded, and away we went like the wind, on and on; he stopped not, he stayed not, but ever on he went, at the same rapid pace. It was just midnight when we left Mestre, and the distance twenty-five miles; but in three hours we were at the gates of the city of Padua, without having seen a white coat or a red,—a bayonet or a sword.

Once at the hotel, the first question was, "Does the diligence go to Ferrara now." "Yes," was the answer, with a blank stare, and the sentinel on duty before the hotel stopped his monotonous pace to stare at us also. On making further inquiries, we ascertained that there was an omnibus to F. every morning at 8 o'clock, and that the diligence left every night at midnight. We concluded to sleep three or four hours, and be off in the omnibus. So at 7 up, and off again at 8. Rode all day; — a long, weary day — an anxious ride. At intervals, all along the road, there were military guards. And then we were continually meeting Austrian officers and soldiers, and occasionally an army courier galloped past us. Every carriage and every horseman that we met carried news of detention, we feared. We felt sure that there must be something unusual taking place somewhere in advance of us, but *what* or *where* was a mystery.

Thus we passed the day — constantly, almost momentarily expecting to meet a division of the army. Our fears were not unnecessary, for on arriving at the frontier we found ourselves suddenly in the midst of an Austrian force. The road was filled with bayonets, guns, knapsacks, cannons, balls, bombshells, carts, soldiers, horses, and we were brought to a stand-point in their midst. We left the carriage and walked to the ferry to cross the Po. The conductor and T. went to the custom-house, and a few minutes I stood by the roadside among them. They looked at me — officers and soldiers — and some fiercely, too, but no one spoke, and I looked as indifferent as I could. We were not sorry to cross the Po, and to return again to the old Pope's territory safe, and to leave behind us the scenes of war.

This was the Austrian division retreating from Bologna and Ferrara. At Ferrara we found the hotels filled with Venitian families, who had escaped from V.

The next day we went on to Bologna, and at the gates of the city T. had to don the tri-colors of Sardinia. What a change within one week! When we passed through Bologna, on our way to Venice, had T. worn those colors he would have been arrested, now he must wear them to enter the city. A satin rose of red, white and green, was furnished, and ever after, while we remained in Italy, we wore the colors of Victor Emmanuel, and the emblem of revolution against Pio Nino.

M. M. G. A.



# Resident Editors' Department.

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## THE CRUISE OF THE UNA.

### A VACATION RECORD.

THE majority of the Department went to Chicago, and had an extraordinarily good time; and its "linked sweetness long drawn out," detained them so long in the West that they are not yet ready to report upon the things they saw and heard; but the minority report is herewith submitted in the form of a diary.

*Thursday, July 23.* Sailed from T wharf, Boston, at 9½, A. M., for a ten days' cruise. Our party consisted of ten persons, who had been selected from the thirty million—population of the United States at the last census—on account of their social and genial qualities, and a better adaptation of companions could not have been obtained,—which shows that the selection was admirably made.

The *Una* is conceded to be the fastest sailing yacht in these waters. She formerly belonged to the New York Yacht Club, and is now owned by Mr. John S. Leonard, of Boston. She is sloop rigged, very sharp, and was built expressly to make a fast sailor.

When we sailed the wind was east, and we had to beat out of the harbor. We suppose not many of our young friends know what "beating" means—at least, in the nautical sense, and we hope they have had no experience of any other kind. "Beating" is sailing in the direction from which the wind comes, and the course is the same as that of a "Virginia fence." We obtained an offing about 12 o'clock, and then our course was about south-east. The sea was very rough. Of thirteen persons on board, more than half, including the steward, upon whom we depended for our dinner, were sick. But every mishap has its compensation. If the steward was too sick to get dinner, the party were too sick to eat it. The unhappy publisher was as jolly as a clam at "high water," in spite of the tendencies of the hour. We could not believe he was sick till, in the very moment of his highest hilarity, he paid his tribute to Neptune—and then smiled as sweetly as though earth had no sorrows.

We arrived at Plymouth at seven o'clock. After supper a portion of the party took the boat and rowed up to Plymouth, which, following the channel, was about two miles distant. We think the Pilgrim Fathers could have found a better harbor, if they had gone a little farther; but if they were satisfied, we will not complain. After some discussion in regard to the color of certain freshly-laid paint on board of a schooner at a wharf—which was afterwards fully proved to be green, and which one of our party thought did not look well on brown—we effected a landing near the spot chosen by our illustrious progenitors for the same purpose. At the head of the wharf, we found Plymouth Rock, the identical stone upon which the Pilgrim Fathers first placed their feet—also A. P. Stone, a first

cousin, we doubt not, of the original rock, who kindly showed us all of Plymouth that could be seen by moonlight.

On our return, as the tide was nearly out, we had occasion to complain a little of the bad taste of the Pilgrim Fathers in the selection of a harbor; but as Brother Stone had given us very explicit sailing directions, and we had six pilots in the boat, each with a theory of his own, we found our way back to the *Una*. As this was our first night on board, some of the party had painful doubts in regard to the sleeping accommodations. Each one made up his bed to suit himself. The berths and couches had been distributed by lot. For our own part, we had no doubts. We make it a point to sleep when night comes, and we did so on this occasion. Generally, the doubts were happily solved and the party slept well.

*Friday, July 24.* What was done on board the *Una* before six o'clock this morning, we cannot say; but we believe in early rising—for those who cannot sleep. We have been informed that some of the younger members of the party indulged in various healthful recreations, such as bathing and rowing, but our record on this point is not to be relied upon. At nine o'clock we sailed for Provincetown. It was a beautiful day, and we had a splendid sail across the Bay. We reached our destination at five o'clock. We tried the fish on the way, but they were singularly obstinate, and positively refused to give us even a particle of encouragement.

The party took a ramble on shore, passing through the Main street, which is not near so wide as Broadway or Pennsylvania Avenue, and then through seas of loose sand, to the Town Hall, which stands upon a hill overlooking the town and the bay. On the building is a tablet in commemoration of the *first* landing of the Pilgrims, and we cannot help thinking that they exhibited a great deal of good sense in not remaining there. At this section of the Cape the soil is loose sand. The gardens attached to the houses are all made lands, and there is hardly a tree to be seen. Sods, composed principally of huckleberry roots are placed on the sands, and a tolerably good soil is thus produced. But if the soil of the Cape is poor, there is not the same extent of territory in the world which has produced so many able and energetic men. The people are a hardy race; and the lack of natural productions seems to have developed a fertility of resources in the men, which distinguishes them in all parts of the world.

Provincetown, with all its barren sands, is a thriving place. The people are progressive, as they are honest, industrious, temperate, and frugal. We saw no tumble-down, dilapidated houses, but thrift seemed to be written on every dwelling-place. A large portion of its population are away most of the year, engaged in the fisheries, or in commercial pursuits. Hundreds of the finest ships and steamers, sailing from Boston and New York, are commanded by hardy and enterprising men from Provincetown. But here we must rest upon our oars, for the few pages we can occupy this month, do not afford sea-room enough for the whole cruise.

*Saturday, July 25.* We sailed from Provincetown at six o'clock in the morning, which was quite an early hour for the gentlemanly crew of the *Una* to get under way. The party were in excellent spirits, having fully recovered from the effects of the sea-sickness. They had also got their sea-legs on, and were otherwise prepared to enjoy the delights of the briny deep.

One of our number extemporized a blue-fish line, tempting this gentlemanly

sportsman of the wave with an old piece of red flannel, tied around the heel of the hook. The line was trailed astern during the rest of the trip. The skipper of the *Una*, who had been a fisherman during a portion of his eventful life, did n't seem to think there was much fun in fishing; at least, we deduced this opinion from his continual evasions when fishing was proposed; and the party, containing several who were even passionately devoted to the sport, were compelled to sympathize with his cold and unpalatable views on this subject. "It is an ill wind that blows no one any good," and we doubt not the skipper was in league with the fishes, and they owe him a debt of gratitude which they will never be able to settle up, for their salvation from the frying-pan and chowder-pot of the *Una*.

Off Monomoy, at 4, P. M., however, in spite of the skipper, and in spite of the league, we — no Richard — one who is always studying and laboring to make those around him happy, one of the salt of the earth, with no particle of its savor lost — Richard hauled in a splendid blue-fish. The event created a tremendous excitement on board, and a council was immediately called to decide how the fish should be cooked. The steward, who had entirely recovered from his sickness, was pliable and conciliatory — ready "to frow himself on de hash," which is only a figurative expression, signifying his entire readiness to exercise all his distinguished skill and science in any direction the company might suggest. And the steward had the ability, as well as the willingness; all hands were unanimous in the opinion that a better baked blue-fish was never served — if we except one lad of the party, who has a morbid constitutional horror of onions. The fish was good — to be enthusiastic, the fish was magnificent, perfectly splendid.

The wind was "sou' sou' west, half west," and came from this quarter during the rest of the cruise. "Sou' sou' west, half west," is a great institution; and we venture to say that it will be remembered for a long time by the *Una*-tarians — a word coined by the publisher, before he paid tribute to Neptune, to denote the heresy of the passengers, as compared with the orthodoxy of the crew. The *Una* had to beat from Highland Light to Monomoy, but it was one of the most delightful sails we ever had. The ocean was dotted with sails, and we were constantly meeting and passing every description of craft. We run within a short distance of a United States armed steamer, which was an object of interest to all. It was the *Montgomery*, we believe, which had been cruising after British pirates.

About 4 o'clock we passed Monomoy Point, which on most of the school maps is called Cape Malabar. From this Point we had the wind fair, and plenty of it. We then plunged in among rips and shoals, covered with light-ships, spindles, buoys, spits and spars, and known by the most ridiculous or the most unpronounceable names. "The Handkerchief," "Shovelful," "Old Cock," "Sow and Pigs," "Hen and Chickens," "Old Stage," "L'Homme Dieu," "Cuttyhunk," "Chappaquiddick," are a few of the names applied to shoals, islands, harbors, etc., in these waters. The *Una* dashed along at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, and at six o'clock we were off Point Gammon light. Before seven we came to anchor in Hyannis Harbor.

*Sunday, July 26.* This morning the wind blew a "young hurricane," and the rain fell in torrents. There was quite a fleet of vessels behind the breakwater, where they had taken refuge from the storm. Among them was a schooner from Chatham, loaded with fish, and bound to New London. The captain was an excel-

lent specimen of the Cape Cod skipper, genial, good-natured, and one of those men whom we instinctively trust wherever we find them. A young lady from Nantucket was a passenger. She was out of health, and the captain said her friends thought a "v'y'ge" would do her good. The schooner rolled and pitched a great deal, as she lay at anchor, in the heavy sea; and we are inclined to think the v'y'ge was not very pleasant, however beneficial it may have been in a sanitary point of view, for the damsel was quite sea-sick. We pitied her as we saw her crouching under the lee of the caboose, while the rain fell in torrents.

Fresh air was a necessity to the Una-tarians, and we were nearly drowned out of the cabin by the water that poured in through the deck-lights and companion way; but a better-natured set of men never was seen. At 11 o'clock we had pleasant weather again, and the publisher and editor accompanied "our minister" in a visit to his parents at Barnstable. The village of Hyannis is a beautiful place; so is Barnstable, proper; and our ride was quite a luxury. We had a splendid moonlight evening, which we enjoyed; and here, we believe, the romantic, poetical, enthusiastic member of our party, who likes everything that is grand, beautiful, sublime, or even simply good, and only dislikes onions, laid the foundation, in the liquid moonshine of that delicious evening, of the celebrated "pome," in several cantos, more or less, which created a sensation on board the Una, and which, we trust, will give him a niche in the temple of fame. It was a beautiful evening.

*Monday, July 27.* When the gentlemanly crew of the Una had taken breakfast, we were permitted to proceed on our voyage; and at nine o'clock, wind sou' sou' west, half west, we bade adieu to Hyannis. It was a pleasant day, though the wind was very fresh. It was a reefing breeze, but as it was too much trouble to reef we didn't do so. Of course we had to beat, but in spite of this fact we reached Edgartown at one o'clock. The people did not turn out the militia to greet us on our arrival, and we explored the place at our leisure. The poet and the painter being unwell, took rooms on shore for the night. The "pome" probably stuck at the stomach of the former, and the latter was in ill health when he started; but both had our sympathies, and the shore was the best place for sick men, for at eight in the evening we had a heavy thunder shower, and it was rather damp on board the yacht.

The Edith, of New Haven, and the Pilot and Hazewell yachts, arrived at Edgartown while we were there. The first is owned by a wealthy gentleman, who spends most of his time on board of her. Her captain said they were out from March till December last year. Sword-fishing is one of the principal amusements in these waters, and is very exciting sport. The fish is struck with an iron something like a harpoon. To the iron is attached a line, which is made fast to an empty keg. When the fish is fastened, the keg is thrown overboard; half a dozen of them are struck if opportunity occurs, and as fast as they show signs of "caving in," the boat moves up, and they are despatched with a sharp spade, thrust in behind the gills.

*Tuesday, July 28.* It was nearly ten o'clock this morning before the gentlemanly crew of the Una were ready to proceed on the voyage. We ought to make an exception to this remark, for "Chick" was ready, as he always was, at sunrise. Chick was a good fellow. He had served his country in the army of the Potomac, been severely wounded several times, and was then suffering in consequence of



these wounds. He was always good-natured and obliging, and did not let go the halliards when any of the Una-tarians volunteered to give a pull. We listened to his stories of the war with pleasure, and shall remember him as a good-hearted and willing hand.

For a wonder, the wind was light this morning, but the Una would sail with only a capful of breeze, and we got round into the Vineyard Sound about one o'clock, when a fog came down upon us. The captain had a superstition that it was not safe to go by Tarpaulin Cove without putting in, and we came to anchor there. Before night there was a fleet of thirty sail at anchor in the cove. A party of us went on shore, and roamed on Naushon for a while, where we found some beautiful natural arbors, which excited the admiration of the parson, the painter, and the poet, and in a less degree, of the others.

*Wednesday, July 29.* We sailed at six o'clock this morning, and before the crew had been to breakfast! The wind was light till nine o'clock, when it began to blow pretty fresh. We were fortunate enough to reach the light-ship off the "Sow and Pigs," just before a dense fog settled down upon us. A run of three hours, during which time we could not see any thing but water and fog, brought us to the light-ship off the entrance of Newport harbor. Just then the fog was so accommodating as to "lift," and assure us that we were in the right place. At one o'clock we dropped anchor in Newport harbor.

Newport is an old story. It is just as fashionable, just as snobbish, as it ever was, and we shall not waste our time in describing it. We walked on the beach and saw the bathers in the surf; we walked in the streets, and saw ridiculous vehicles, driven by ladies and children, with ridiculous "tigers" behind them; we visited the hotels and heard the bands play; we saw Fort Adams and the Old Mill; we went to the Redwood Institute, and looked at its pictures and its curiosities; and we saw hundreds of little midshipmen, belonging to the Naval Academy, who, we hope, will make good officers, and defend the old flag as bravely as the present generation of naval officers are doing.

Newport lives and thrives on its summer visitors. It is almost the only business of the city. The place is filled with the summer residences of the richest and most aristocratic men of the country. Thousands of elegant and refined people, as well as thousands of "shoddy merchants" and contractors, grown rich in a day, spend a week or two at the hotels, because it is fashionable. They go to recruit their health, by eating luxurious dinners, drinking champagne, and dancing at a "hop" five nights in a week.

*Thursday, July 30.* Wind "sou-sou' west, half west," and blowing hard. Foggy at sea, so that we could not start on the return trip. As we lay in the harbor, we had a good opportunity to observe the variety of boats, sailing and rowing in every direction. The sail-boats at Newport are the best working craft we have ever seen. The "cat rig" is well adapted to the boats, and they are managed as easily as a gentle horse.

We visited the yacht Juliet, of Boston. She is a member of the New York Yacht Club, as were three others in port at this time. These yachts carry a distinguishing signal flag at the mast-head, with the American flag, the stars encircling a foul anchor, flying from the topping lift. The officers and crews wore a very neat uniform. Each yacht also carries a small brass gun, which is fired at sunset when the colors are struck.

The captain of the Juliet received us very politely, and showed us over the vessel. She has a fine high-studded cabin, with four berths. Forward of this, on the starboard side, was a large state-room with one berth, wide enough for two. It was furnished with a clothes-press, marble wash stand, with faucets; indeed there was every comfort and convenience that could be obtained in a first class dwelling house. On the port side was the china closet, fitted up and furnished so neatly that it would have excited the admiration of any tidy house-keeper. Forward of this was the kitchen, which contained every convenience that the most fastidious cook would have demanded. The store-room was a model in its arrangement. Everything about and within the yacht was in most perfect order—neat and exceedingly well adjusted. A gentleman could not have fared more sumptuously at the Revere or Fifth Avenue than the owner of this yacht, and if we could envy him in the possession of any of the luxuries which wealth would purchase, the Juliet would certainly be the first temptation.

*Friday, July 31.* Our cruise must be finished on the first of August, and the Una must be in Boston Saturday night. The minister must reach Boston at five o'clock the next afternoon, and as we sat at breakfast, the prospect before us was discussed. The wind is still "sou'-sou' west, half west," and plenty of it; besides, there is a nasty, dirty, foggy look outside. The crew have taken the "bonnet" off the jib, and put two reefs in the mainsail. The painter, quite sick, has taken the steamer for Providence; the poet has decided to follow him; and the minister will not risk the trip round the cape. None of us likes the idea of pulling and hauling sheets and halliards in a rough time. If we go home in the Una, we must take the responsibility of all delays, without being competent to decide whether they are necessary or not.

The party, actuated by all these considerations, decided to abandon the cruise, and return by railroad and steamer. Accordingly we packed up our baggage, and went ashore, where at eleven o'clock, we took the steamer Montpelier for Providence. We had a delightful sail up Narragansett Bay, and reached the city at one o'clock, taking the four o'clock train for Boston.

Though the cruise of the Una, so far as the party were concerned, came to an abrupt termination, we enjoyed the excursion very much. With the Una we were very well satisfied. She sailed like a race horse, and bore us safely and comfortably over the briny deep. The steward cooked well, and did all he could for the comfort of the party. "Chick" was pleasant and willing; and further than this "deponent saith not."

We had a good time. James sang "Kingdom Coming" a great many times, to the edification and amusement of all hands except the steward, who thought there was too much "long heel" in the song for him. A great many good stories were told; a great many profitable discussions were held; a great many new ideas were obtained; and we hope that "all hands" are the wiser and the better for the cruise.

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ROLL OF HONOR FOR BRIDGEWATER NORMAL SCHOOL.—Edward Southworth, South Scituate, Mass., member of the 18th Reg. Mass. Vols.

## OSWEGO TRAINING SCHOOL.

MANY teachers of Massachusetts have made inquiries of us in reference to the plan and operations of this School, which has attained a celebrity hardly equalled by any other enterprise relating to the preparation of teachers for the duties of primary and professional instruction. For the benefit of our friends we copy a letter of the Principal, E. A. Sheldon, Esq., to the editor of the *New York Teacher*, from that Journal, which will fully explain the plans and objects of the School as at present organized.

"OSWEGO, June 24, 1863.

"MY DEAR FRIEND CRUIKSHANK — I suppose you desire to have me speak of our Training School as at present organized. With its past history you are familiar. It was organized in the spring of 1861, with Miss Jones as principal. She left last fall. Since that time I have assumed the principalship of the school. On Miss Jones leaving, Prof. Krusi was employed. With his history I suppose you are familiar. His father was for 20 years a leading teacher in Pestalozzi's school. Afterwards he was invited to take charge of one of the Normal Schools of Switzerland. For ten years Hermann Krusi was associated with his father in this school. From that school he went to London and connected himself with the Home and Colonial Inst., where he labored for several years. There he brought out his inventive drawing. He was invited to this country by Prof. Wm. Russell, at the time of the organization of his Normal School at Lancaster, Mass., with which institution he was connected until its close. After that he was connected with the New Jersey Normal School, for a short time, when he was invited by Gov. Boutwell, Supt. of Massachusetts, to teach in the Teachers' Institutes of Massachusetts, in which capacity he served until about the time of his coming to Oswego, in September last, to teach in our Training School. We regard him as a valuable acquisition to our school. He is one of the most suggestive teachers I ever met. His subjects in the Training School are: Drawing, Number, Form, and Mental Philosophy. Mr. Weller has Reading and Language. Mrs. Smith, Objects and Geography. Miss Mary Davis, Color. Miss Ellen Seaver, Botany or Plants, and advanced Object Lessons. Miss A. P. Funnell, Lessons on Animals and Moral Instruction. I take Natural History and School Organization and Discipline.

"We have five model schools, which are also in part used as schools of practice, and one purely practicing school. Four of these are primary and two junior classes, covering five years from the first entering of the children. Each of these schools is divided into from three to five sections. In the model schools the principal takes one of the sections and teaches in all the class exercises — the other divisions are taught by the members of the training class. A portion of the general lessons are given by the members of the training class, and a portion by the model teacher. Miss Funnell takes the entire charge of the work of the Training Class in this practice, assigning the work, instructing them as to how it should be done, and superintends and criticises their work. In the general lessons, the model teachers also act as critics. Commencing at the lowest division, the training teachers advance from room to room in their observation and practice until they have completed the round of all the classes, when they again enter the lowest division, and thus continue to rotate. The time of observation and practice varies somewhat according to the

number in the class, usually from three to four weeks, observing this length of time, and then practicing the same length of time, so that one-half of the time is spent in observation, and the other half in practice, and this for five hours in the day, five days in the week, and for forty-two weeks. After the close of the work in the schools each day, they meet at 3½ o'clock, and receive instruction in methods for two hours. So you see we work them pretty thoroughly, being engaged in all seven hours each day, for the entire year. No instruction is given in the branches of study, except a little in Orthography and Natural History. Before entering the school they are required to pass a satisfactory examination in all the common English branches, and the *entire* time is occupied in observation, practice and instruction in methods. Without exception the teachers have ever manifested the deepest interest in their work. We have had in the class graduates from several of the leading Normal Schools of the country; and have graduated a number of very fine teachers. Of those who have gone from Oswego to teach, one receives \$800; one \$600; three \$400; two \$350; and of the salaries of others I am not informed, although none are less than \$350. Two others have received appointments at \$500 for next term at Davenport, Iowa. The demand for teachers is far beyond our ability to supply. Two are connected with the Beverly, N. J., Training School, one with the Patterson Training School, one is at Trenton in a private school formerly with the Normal School; one is in Boston, two at Yonkers, N. Y. Miss Keyes, also, of our own State Normal School, was with us a few months. One is at Cleveland, Ohio; one at Niles, Michigan, and another at Adrian, Michigan; one at Chicago, and one at Kingston, in this State and another at West Newton, Mass.

"The board are now negotiating for a lot, on which to erect a fine building for the better accommodation and working of this school. This will be ready by next spring, when we shall organize under the act of last winter.

"We feel that great importance is to be attached to our success in this movement, and I trust the educational men of this State will join hands with us in making the school what it ought to be, by giving us the benefit of their suggestions, and by their active sympathy and coöperation.

E. A. S."

A new impulse will doubtless be given to this institution under the provision of an act passed by the last legislature. It provides that "The treasurer shall pay annually for two years, on the warrant of the comptroller, to the order of the superintendent of public instruction, the sum of three thousand dollars, for the support of a training school in the city of Oswego for the preparation of primary teachers for the common schools of this State; provided that the citizens or board of education in said city shall, within one year from the passage of this act, provide the necessary buildings, grounds, and other accommodations and appliances for such schools; as directed by the superintendent of public instruction; and provided, further, that there shall be instructed in said school, for a period of at least forty weeks in each year, not less than fifty teachers designing to teach in the common schools of this state; and provided, further, that each of the senatorial districts of this state shall respectively be entitled to send annually to said training school two first-class teachers each, to be appointed by the state superintendent of public instruction, after they have been duly recommended by two county school commis-



sioners or by a city superintendent of schools residing in the district from which the appointment is to be made; and all teachers thus appointed to said training school may receive instruction in every thing that is taught in said school, free of charge for tuition."

The school is to be subject to the supervision of the superintendent of public instruction; and the board of education of the city of Oswego and the secretary of the board constitute the executive committee, their acts to be subject to the approval of the state superintendent.

We are not informed when the school is to commence operations under the preceding provisions, but presume that Mr. Sheldon will leave nothing undone to secure a speedy compliance with the provisions of the act.

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### WESTFIELD STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

THE Summer term of the State Normal School at Westfield, closed on Tuesday, July 28th, and on Wednesday was the triennial gathering of its alumni. The school is in a good condition, the number of graduates for the year has been twenty-five, the number of students is one hundred and fifteen, five-sixths of whom are females. Among the males are four conscripts, and forty volunteers have previously gone forth in defence of their country. Four have fallen on the field.

Gov. Andrew, President Stearns of Amherst College, Hon. D. H. Mason, and A. Parish, Esq., members of the Board of Education, were present, and also Hon. Joseph White, Secretary of the Board. The degrees were conferred by the Governor.

The address before the alumni of the school was by the Hon. G. S. Hillard of Boston, and the poem by E. W. B. Canning, Esq., of Stockbridge. The address by Mr. H. was upon a trite subject, physical, intellectual, and moral education, but was full of good sense, and golden opinions well expressed. Some of his conclusions were, that there is a connection between health and virtue, that exaggeration is a prevalent vice in our country, which leads to falsehood; that truthfulness is essential to a manly character, and that teachers should not only urge the importance of truth, but dissuade from whatever has the appearance of falsity. — *Boston Recorder*.

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RECALL OF DR. LIVINGSTONE. Orders have been received for the recall of the Livingstone expedition. The home authorities — while highly applauding the enterprize and zeal of Dr. Livingstone and all his officers, and while fully appreciating the interest of the geographical discoveries — do not think that these are practically of sufficient importance to justify the continuance of the heavy outlay required for them. They have accordingly ordered that the expedition shall return home as soon as possible, that the Pioneer steamer shall be given up to the admiral of the station, and that all the accounts shall be closed by the end of the year.

## A LIBERAL OFFER REJECTED.

THE Trustees of Pierce Academy, Middleborough, Mass., at their annual meeting, Aug. 5th, voted,

"That, according to the suggestion of the Principal, the Board of Trustees of Pierce Academy agree to furnish High School Instruction, according to the law of the Commonwealth, contained in Chap. 38, Sec. 2, to any number of students belonging in the town of Middleborough, not exceeding fifty, in attendance at any one time, who shall be duly entered as pupils by a certificate from the School Committee of the town, for the sum of six hundred dollars per annum, payable in quarterly instalments; and pro rata for any additional number, exceeding fifty."

The School Committee, on receiving the above proposition from the Trustees, immediately petitioned the Selectmen for a town-meeting to act upon the proposition. Due and legal notice having been given, said meeting was held in the Town House, Aug. 16th; and though advocated earnestly by the Selectmen and School Committee, and fully explained by the Principal, the proposition was *rejected* by a decided vote, although the town is liable, as its population exceeds four thousand, to an annual fine of nine thousand dollars for not sustaining a High School. It was further shown by the School Committee, that such an arrangement would preclude the necessity of so many *male* teachers in the town, as to require the actual addition of only three hundred dollars per annum to the present amount raised for schools; so that for the paltry tax of three hundred dollars, the town of Middleborough rejects High School advantages for fifty pupils, besides the building wherein to teach them, the incidental expenses of warming, lighting, etc., and the use of apparatus and cabinets equal to those found in any Academy in New England. Let it no longer be said that *all* academies stand in the way of free public instruction. But comment is unnecessary. P.

## CURIOUS ORIGIN OF SOME WORDS.

DR. LATHAM, in his grammar, gives some curious instances of the misspelling of words arising from their sound, which error has led to the production not only of a form, but of a meaning, very different from the original. Thus *Dent de lion*, originally referring to the root, has been corrupted into *dandelion*, having reference to the flaunting aspect of the flower. *Contre-dance* has become *country dance*. *Shamefastness*, originally referring to the attire, has become *shamefacedness*, and applied to the countenance. *Cap-à-piè* has produced *apple-pie order*. *Folio capo*, Italian for the first sized sheet, has produced *foolscap*. *Asparagus*, *sparrow-gras*; *Girasole artichoke*, *Jerusalem artichoke*. *Massaniello*, the name of a famous Neapolitan rebel and the hero of the opera, is nothing but *Mas-Aniello*, a corruption of the true name, *Thomas Aniello*. *Hogoumont*, famous in the annals of Waterloo, is properly *Chateau Goumont*.

THE memory of good and worthy actions give a quicker relish to the soul than ever it could possibly take in the highest enjoyments of youth.

HARVARD COLLEGE has sent into the field four hundred and thirty of her sons — more than seventeen per cent. of the whole number of her living alumni; Amherst, of her undergraduates, and graduates of the last five years, has sent one hundred and fifty-nine; and Williams' College, as nearly as can be ascertained, has given one hundred and eleven of her sons.

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NOT UNHEALTHY. — It is a great mistake to imagine that the pursuit of learning is injurious to health. We see that studious men live as long as persons of any other profession. History will confirm the truth of this observation. In fact, the regular, calm, and uniform life of a student conduces to health, and removes many inconveniences and dangers, which might otherwise assail it, provided that the superfluous heat of the constitution be assuaged by moderate exercise, and the habit of the body be not overcharged with a quantity of aliment incompatible with a sedentary life.

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THE true educator should read and study and teach subjects rather than books. The truth, the principle, the idea, the thought, should be valued more than its mode of expression; the diamond, not its mechanical setting. Thought is the soul of language, and language is of little worth without it.

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#### OBITUARY NOTICE.

THE sudden and deeply lamented death of Miss ELIZABETH CARLETON, on the 21st ult., has already been noticed in the columns of our papers. But so much worth ought not to pass from among us without some further tribute of regard. Miss Carleton was the youngest child of the Rev. Michael Carleton, whose philanthropic labors in our community have been so well known and so highly appreciated. She was born in Salem, Sept. 2, 1841. From childhood, she was remarkable for love of reading and study, and for conscientiousness and loveliness of character. She passed through the course of study in the Public Schools of the City, at as early an age as the school regulations permit, graduating with honor from the High School, when only fifteen. Desiring to prepare herself for the profession of teaching, she entered the State Normal School in this City, in September, 1857, having then just attained the required age. Having completed the prescribed course of study in the Institution, — the youngest of those who entered at the time of her admission, — she then undertook the Advanced Course, and was one of the first who received the Second Diploma of the State Board of Education. Immediately upon her second graduation, she was appointed a Teacher in the School; and continued to

perform the duties of this office very ably and faithfully, till within three weeks of her decease. In the discharge of her duties as a daughter, a friend, a scholar, an instructor, she was remarkable for her uniformity, exactness, punctuality, thoroughness, completeness, and fidelity of performance, so that to those who observed her career, noiseless and regular like that of the sun, she seemed absolutely faultless. Her father paid her a touching tribute, when he said that he felt, as she was dying, that he ought to have thanked her for having been to him such a daughter. There are many who are grateful to her for what she has been to them in other relations. She was deeply religious in principle and feeling; and never permitted her zeal for study to interfere with strictness of religious observance. Her health was, in general, excellent; and the illness was thought to be a slight one, which induced her associates and friends almost to compel her leaving the school work a few days before the close of the term. But a disease of the heart, of the existence of which her family had been aware from her childhood, suddenly asserted its power; and, most unexpectedly and sorrowfully to her associates and pupils, terminated her life with the close of the last school-day of the term.

"Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,  
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to Heaven."

*Salem Paper.*

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## INTELLIGENCE.

### PERSONAL.

*Rev. A. A. Livermore* has been elected President of the Board of Instruction in Meadville Theological School, Pa., and has accepted the appointment. Mr. Livermore graduated at Harvard College in 1833, and completed his course of theological study at the Divinity School, three years later.

*Prof. E. D. Sanborn*, formerly of the College, but now of St. Louis, has been chosen Professor of Oratory and Belle Letters, and Prof. Chas. A. Young, of Hudson, Ohio, Professor of Mathematics, by the Trustees of Dartmouth College, in session this week at Hanover. James M. Beebe, Esq., of Boston, was chosen a Trustee of the College, but the Board adjourned without electing a President.

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## EDUCATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

TWENTY-EIGHT young men have already entered the Freshman Class at Bowdoin College for the coming year. The number of graduates at Waterville College, Me., last week, was 14. Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered an oration, and S. F. Smith of Newton Center, a poem. The degree of D. D. was conferred upon Rev. O. S. Stearns of Newton, and Rev. Thomas P. Curtis, professor in the Lewisburg (Pa.) University. The college has recently received an endowment of \$25,000. Vice



President Hamlin and Gov. Coburn each gave \$1,000. — Commencement at the Norwich ( Military ) University, Vt., occurred last week. There are now 100 students in the institution. — Middlebury College graduated a class of eleven last week. The speakers from abroad were E. P. Whipple, Prof. Condit of Auburn, and Rev. G. N. Boardman of Auburn. The degree of LL. D. was conferred upon Prof. J. J. Owen of New York and Rev. Erdix Tenney of Lyme, N. H.; and D. D. upon Rev. M. M. Post of Logansport, Ind. Rev. Aldace Walker of Wallingford, John B. Page of Rutland, Rev. Rufus S. Cushman of Manchester, Rev. John J. Owen, D. D., of New York city, were elected members of the corporation, and J. E. Pierce of the class of 1861 was chosen tutor in the college. — The centennial anniversary of Dummer Academy was celebrated at Byfield last week on Wednesday, by a large number of alumni, among whom were Dr. Jackson of Boston, Hon. E. S. Rand of Newburyport, and Jonathan Perly of Salem. Judge Lord was president of the day, and Nehemiah Cleaveland, who for nearly twenty years filled the preceptor's chair, was orator. His address was nearly two hours long, and mainly historical, but full of interest. — Anniversary exercises at Maplewood Institute, Pittsfield, were unusually interesting last week. John B. Gough lectured Monday evening, and Prof. J. H. Seely of Amherst, delivered the annual address on Wednesday, on "The Power of Ideas." The graduating class numbered 16. — The National Teachers' Convention, which opened at Chicago on the 5th, drew together more than 1,600 teachers from all parts of the country. New England was very largely represented, as the fare from Boston and back was put at only \$20. Among the eastern men who lectured were S. W. Mason of Chelsea, on school gymnastics, T. D. Adams of Newton, President Hill of Harvard, and Henry Barnard, LL. D., of Hartford. The Chicago *Tribune* speaks in most flattering terms of the New England teachers. — *Boston Recorder*.

WE learn that Yale has recently received from one of its friends \$30,000, for the erection of a new chapel; and the same amount from another for the endowment of a College Pastorate. The whole of the Government bounty of one hundred and eighty thousand acres has also been conferred upon the Scientific School. The college has a collection of about 3,000 specimens of rare and ancient coins, some of them dating 700 years before the Christian era. A catalogue of them, containing a historical sketch of each, has recently been published, of fifty pages.

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## BOOK NOTICES.

HELPS TO EDUCATION IN THE HOMES OF OUR COUNTRY. By Warren Burton, author of "The District School as it was." Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1863. pp. 368. Price \$1.00. For sale by Otis Clapp, Boston.

This is a timely and valuable addition to the educational literature of the time. We felt, as we learned nearly two years ago that the *public* labors of the self-denying and philanthropic author of this volume were suspended, on account of ill health, that the department of *home education* in Massachusetts, had sustained an

irreparable loss. His voice has not been heard in the lecture-room as usual; still, after a lapse of two years, he shows that his earnest and noble mind has been busy for the benefit of mankind, and this work — bringing together the results of a long and varied experience, and much careful thought and study on the true methods of a wise and judicious training of children by their parents — compensates largely for his necessary withdrawal from the public educational field, in which, for more than ten years, he has been exclusively working.

Where every topic presented seems to be treated so discreetly as in this book, it is difficult to know to what particular portion to call the attention of friends of education. To *parents*, who may read this work — and we trust they will be many — the opening lecture on "Parental Responsibility," and the following one, on "Government, Mis-government, and No-government in the Family," will be found of great practical value. *Teachers* will be attracted and instructed by the chapter relating to the culture and discipline of the *observing faculties*. We well remember hearing the author, some years ago, urge most strongly the cultivation of the faculties of observation in very young children. How slowly have teachers and parents been to perceive the importance and value of this method of interesting and instructing the young! Thanks to Mr. Burton and others, the methods practiced in European schools and advocated by eminent writers of our own country — so long neglected in our families and schools, are now being used successfully.

Parents and teachers, you can make no more prudent investment than in the purchase of this book on "Helps to Education."

PROF. GUYOT'S NEW MAPS. The appearance of this series of large maps for the Fall schools, will be hailed with pleasure by every teacher who gives instruction in Geography.

These maps, illustrating Physical and Political Geography, accompanied by a teacher's Manual, are more complete, accurate, and beautiful, than any which we have examined, and better adapted for use in the school-room. The publication of Prof. Guyot's maps and text-books is the most extensive text-book enterprise ever undertaken by any publisher in this country or Europe, and we trust that our educational friends will give them that favor and patronage which their intrinsic merit demands.

We shall give these works a more extended notice when our columns are not so crowded.

MAY'S CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND — VOL. II. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

This is the second volume of a very important work, which will prove a valuable addition to every English and American library. It is a careful constitutional history of England upon the accession of George the Third down to the present time; containing lucid sketches of political parties and movements, and a very complete account of Parliamentary transactions. The state of parties from 1801 to 1830, and from thence to 1860, is detailed with a good deal of ability, and will be found serviceable to American enquirers who seek information respecting the political history of this important period. We can hardly speak too highly of this work as a useful book of reference for political and historical purposes.

## ALBANY FEMALE ACADEMY REPORT.

We have received the Report of the Forty-Ninth Annual Examination of the Albany Female Academy, and also a Catalogue of the Institution. The Principal, Eben S. Stearns, A. M., formerly principal of the State Normal School at West Newton, seems to be successfully pursuing a career of great usefulness, as evinced by the prosperity of the institution at Albany under his charge. The reports of the several committees who examined the various classes, are as favorable as the most faithful teacher could expect.

## THE CALIFORNIA TEACHER.

We gladly welcome to our table the California Teacher. It is a credit to our fellow teachers of the Pacific coast. The first and second number are both excellent in matter and style, and if continued as it has begun, will take a high place in professional educational literature. The first number was issued in July. It is published in San Francisco, at the low price of one dollar a year. John Sweet, George Tait, George W. Minus, and Sam'l J. C. Sweezey, are its resident editors.

## NORMAL UNIVERSITY, ILLINOIS.

OUR thanks are due to the Principal of the State Normal University of Illinois, Richard Edwards, A. M., for a Catalogue of that Institution for the year ending June, 1863. We are pleased to notice so many names among the Faculty who were formerly successful teachers in Massachusetts. No less than *four* of the *six* teachers hail from the schools of the Bay State.

The school is in a most flourishing condition. The whole number in Normal and Model Departments was 431 for the last year. A very noticeable feature of the catalogue is the "Army List," formerly teachers or pupils in the University, who are now, or have been, in the Union Army. We do not believe any school in the country can show a better record.

## THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. For September. Boston: Ticknor &amp; Fields.

The table of contents of this number gives a list of some fifteen articles of the usual style, variety, and interest of this popular periodical. Of these, the principal are: The Puritan Minister; The Freedmen at Port Royal; The Tertiary Age and its Characteristic Animals; Interesting Manuscripts of Edmund Burke; Harvard's Heroes, etc.

## THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY. For September. New York: John F. Trow, 50 Green Street. Boston: A. Williams &amp; Co.

The principal articles of this number are: Southern Hate of New England; Early History of Printing and the Newspaper Press in Boston and New York; Reconnoissance near Fort Morgan, and Expedition in Lake Ponchartrain and Pearl River, by the Mortar Flotilla of Capt. D. D. Porter, U. S. N.; The Great Riot; Japanese Foreign Relations; Jefferson Davis and Repudiation, etc.

## ELLSWORTH'S PRIMARY BLACKBOARD CHART OF LETTERS. New York: D. Appleton &amp; Co. Boston: Crosby &amp; Nichols, and Ticknor &amp; Fields.

This is a beautiful chart of more than three feet square, containing the letters of the alphabet in the written and printed form, large and small, with the nine digits. It is adapted to be very useful in the primary school-room, and in the family where children are to be taught to read. Our primary schools need more such apparatus.



#### IMPROVED CAMERA OBSCURA.

As an aid to the artistic culture of the hand and eye, the Improved Camera, of which the above is an illustration, is a very useful instrument. Very many aids and improvements have been offered to pupils and amateur artists in sketching objects from nature, but none that we have seen bear any comparison with that invented and patented by Mr. G. F. Kolb, represented in the above engraving.

The Camera Obscura, or Dark Chamber, is an apparatus representing an artificial Eye, in which the images of external objects, received through a double convex glass, are exhibited distinctly and in their native colors, on a white surface placed on the focus of the glass within a darkened chamber.

In the Camera here represented by a peculiar arrangement of the lenses and mirrors, an instrument is obtained which is entirely portable, and by means of which a sketch of any landscape or building can readily be taken, even by those inexperienced in the art of drawing—for the scene to be taken is reproduced in the Camera exactly as it appears to the naked eye, and the hand has only to be introduced as shown in the engraving, and the lines traced out.

C. H. WHEELER & Co. 5 and 7 Essex Street, Boston are the agents for the above.